Lauinia you are not displeasde with this.

Lauinia. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
VVarrants these words in Princely curtesie.

Saturnine. Thanks sweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunsomles here we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honours Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine.

Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bascianus. I Noble *Titus* and resolude withall,
To doo my selfe this reason and this right.

Marcus. *Suum cuiqum* is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Lucius. And that he will, and shall if *Lucius* liue.

Titus. Traitors auaunt, where is the Emperours gard?
Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surprizde.

Saturnine. Surprizde, by whom?

Bascianus. By him that iustly may,
Beare his betrothde from all the world away.

Mutius. Brothers, helpe to conuay her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Mutius. My Lord you passe not here.

Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?

Mutius. Helpe *Lucius*, helpe.

Lucius. My Lord you are vniust, and more than so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.

Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me,
Traitor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.

Lucius, Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes and Aron the moore.

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needes her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:

Ile

Ile trust by leysure, him that mocks me o
Thee neuer, nor thy traiterous hawtie so
Confederates all thus to dishonour mee.
VVas none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine?* Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these deeds, with that prowd bra
That saidst I begd the Empire at thy han

Titus O monstrous, what reprochfull v

Saturn. But goe thy waies, goe giue tha
To him that florisht for her with his sword
A valiant sonne in law thou shalt inioy,
One fit to bandie with thy lawlesse sons
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Ro

Titus. These words are rasors to my wo

Satur. And therfore louely *Tamora* Q
That like the statelie *Thebe* mongst her
Dost ouershine the gallanst Dames of R
If thou be pleasde with this my sodaine
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bri
And will create thee Empresse of Ron
Speake Queene of Gothes dost thou ap
And here I sweare by all the Romane G
Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,
And tapers burne so bright, and euery thi
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this
I lead espowsde my Bride along with m

Tamora. And here in sight of heauen t
If *Saturnine* aduaunce the Queene of Go
Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend faire Queene: Panthean L
Your Noble Emperour and his louelie B
Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnin*